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A

# READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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PART IV.

MAY. JUNE

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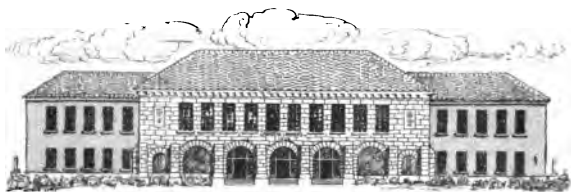
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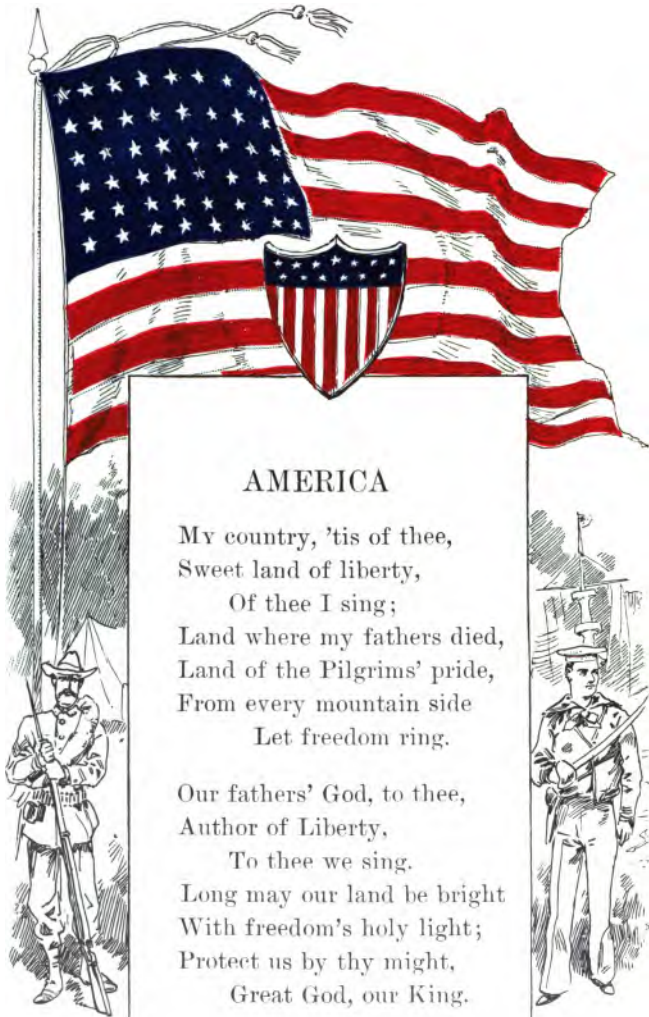
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Part V. Selected from the above, and  
containing:  
Arbor Day; Bird Day;  
Decoration Day; Flag Day; 20 "









## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# HISTORY OF THE WORLD

## ELEMENTARY COURSE

SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE FIFTH DAY

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN THE FIFTH DAY"  
FOR TEACHERS' USE

PART IV

MAY 1911

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## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee;  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
I bid where my fathers died,  
Thy name, O Greatness' pride,  
Thy deeds, O Freedom's soul,  
Thy spirit, O Freedom ring.

Thy fathers' God, to thee,  
I pray, O Lord of Liberty.

To thee we sing,

Long may

thy arms

be strong,

thy power

be true,

thy name

be known,

thy

deeds

be done.

# HISTORY READER

FOR

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

ARRANGED WITH

SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HOLIDAYS

BY

L. L. W. WILSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "NATURE STUDY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS. PART I: MANUAL  
FOR TEACHERS. PART II: READER"

PART IV

MAY JUNE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1898

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Norwood Press  
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith  
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## PREFACE

A MANUAL for teachers on History in the Elementary School is now in process of publication.

Until this is issued the following suggestions may be of some value to the teachers who wish to make a profitable use of the reader.

### SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Children like best to read about things of which they already know. Therefore fill the children's minds with the central thought for the month, with other stories, and occasionally with these same stories amplified, before their own reading begins.

With colored crayons put on the board, in September, drawings of the Indians; in October, the ships of Columbus and of the Vikings; in November, the wild turkey; in May and June, the flags. Stencils of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Franklin, and the other American worthies make large graphic likenesses on the blackboard.

Prang publishes a number of inexpensive color reproductions of famous historic scenes.

More interesting than even the largest and most brilliantly colored of pictures are impromptu games



and plays based on the stories, in which the children are the happy actors.

Let the stage properties be few. And just here a hint may be sufficient; viz. children like to be trees *almost* as well as to be wild Indians!

In regard to the use of these stories for reading, I would suggest the following method as one of the many ways in which children may be taught to become fluent, intelligent readers:—

Divide the time allotted to reading into two periods as widely separated from each other as possible.

In the first of these teach all of the new words, and drill upon them thoroughly. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of this preparatory word study.

In general, the following methods will be satisfactory with second and third year pupils:—

I. Write upon the board a new word with all the diacritical marks that may be necessary to enable the pupil to pronounce it correctly.

II. Teach the meaning of the word.

III. Proceed in the same way with several other words.

IV. Drill on the instant recognition of these words without diacritical marks.

V. Let the pupils write the words from dictation, marking the sounds and accents, and dividing it properly into syllables.

Later in the day let him read the lesson for the

sake of the thought. Do not take it for granted that no further teaching is necessary, but remember, too, that it is now the pupil's time to talk.

If he does not read well now, it is because he fails to grasp the thought. A word, a question, will often clear up the obscurity in his mind. Lead him to think, not to imitate.

It is a good idea to have a systematic plan for silent reading. Many of the short stories in this little book will lend themselves easily to this device. On this work may be based a subsequent oral and written language lesson.

Above all, do not neglect to cultivate his taste, — his literary and artistic instincts. What stanza, or what line, or what part of this did you like best? Why? are questions always in order and always interesting.

L. L. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA NORMAL SCHOOL.



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# MAY 4, 1780, BIRD DAY





## JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

TO-DAY is the birthday of a man who knew more about American birds than any other man of his time.

This was because he loved them dearly.

Even when he was a little boy in dresses he used to lie under the trees in spring listening to their songs.

This was in Louisiana. There it is warm enough to live out of doors almost all the year.

As Audubon grew older, he loved to draw and paint the birds.

But he was never quite satisfied with his work.

Therefore he was very glad when his father sent him to France to study.

For in France there lived a great painter, named David.

With David he learned how to draw and paint.

When he came back to this country he lived for a while not far from Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania.



Here he was happy in the woods with his friends.

He brought the animals into the house, too.

How would you like to live in the same room with frogs and snakes, and opossums and raccoons and squirrels and birds?

Sometimes Audubon put on a handsome black satin suit with long lace ruffles, and rode on horseback through the country.

On one of these trips he met his future wife.

She liked him from the first, even, for he was very gay and handsome, as well as clever and good.

She believed in him, and knew that he would some day become a great man.

She helped him to become one, too.

For when later he became very poor, she herself earned three thousand dollars for him.

But Audubon worked hard himself.

He painted portraits.

He taught dancing. He often played the fiddle and danced at the same time.

And all this time he was studying and drawing the birds.

Perhaps this is what kept him so happy.

After years of hard work he had painted a thousand birds.

But still he was not satisfied.

He had already travelled all over the country, looking for new ones.

. But he thought that he must paint a few more.

So he put his beautiful pictures in the garret of a friend in Philadelphia.

When he came back for them, the rats had eaten them.

They had even made a nest of the pieces.

This nearly broke his heart.

But he did not give up.

He said, "I can make better paintings than those."

And he did.

Last year, in New York, a copy of Audubon's book of *Birds* was sold for eighteen hundred dollars.

The man who bought it thinks that he is very fortunate to have such a beautiful book.

---

We are not wise enough to write about the birds as Audubon did.

Nor could we paint them as he did.

But even we can do something for the birds.

We can, perhaps, keep ourselves and others from robbing their nests.

We should not wear stuffed birds on our hats.

We not only help the birds by this.

We also help the country.

For many birds do us a great deal of good.

They eat the caterpillars that do so much damage to the plants.

And then how beautiful they are! And how sweet is their song!



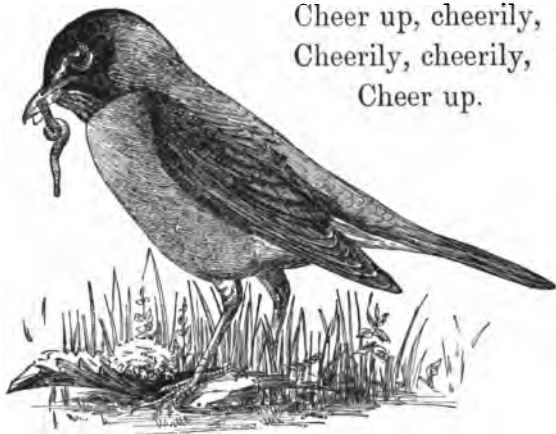
## SOME OF THE SONG BIRDS THAT HELP US

### ROBIN

WHEN the willows gleam along the brooks,  
And the grass grows green in shady nooks,  
In the sunshine and the rain  
I hear the robin in the lane  
Singing cheerily,  
Cheer up, cheer up,  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Cheer up.

But the snow is still  
Along the walls and on the hill.  
The days are cold, the nights forlorn,  
For one is here, and one is gone.

Tut, tut, cheerily,  
Cheer up, cheerily,  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Cheer up.



When the spring hope seems to wane,  
I hear the joyful strain,  
A song at night, a song at morn,  
A lesson deep to me is borne.  
Hearing cheerily,  
Cheer up, cheer up,  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Cheer up.

— From *In a Masque of Poets*.

## ROBIN

“FROM the North and the East,  
From the South and the West,  
Woodland, wheatfield,  
Over and over,  
And over and over,  
Five o'clock, ten o'clock,  
Twelve, or seven,  
Nothing but Robin calls  
Heard under heaven.”

—SIDNEY LANIER.

## FROM THE “BLUEBIRD”



DRIFTING adown the  
first warm wind,  
That thrills the first  
warm days of  
spring,  
The Bluebird seeks  
our maple groves  
And charms them into  
tasselling.

Sing strong and clear, O Bluebird dear,  
While all the land with splendor fills,

While maples gladden in the dales,  
And plum trees blossom in the vales.

— MAURICE THOMPSON.

### BROWN THRUSH



“ MY creamy breast is speckled  
(Perhaps you'd call it freckled)  
Black and brown.

“ My pliant russet tail  
Beats like a frantic flail,  
Up and down.

“ In the top branch of a tree  
You may chance to glance at me,  
When I sing.

“ But I’m very, *very* shy,  
When I silently float by,  
On the wing.

“ *Whew* there! *Hi* there! Such a clatter!  
What’s the matter? what’s the matter?  
Really, really?

“ Digging, delving, raking, sowing,  
Corn is sprouting, corn is growing!  
Plant it, plant it!

“ Gather it, gather it!  
Thresh it, thresh it!  
Hide it, hide it, do!  
(I see it — and you.)  
Oh! — I am that famous scratcher,  
H-a-r-p-o-r-h-y-n-c-h-u-s-r-u-f-u-s — Thrasher —  
Cloaked in brown.”

—MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.



SWALLOW

“WHAT tidings hath the swallow heard  
That bids her leave the land of Summer,  
For woods and fields where April yields  
Bleak welcome to the blithe newcomer?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“She is here, she is here, the Swallow,  
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow.”

—BOURDILLON.



## HOW WE REACHED THE PACIFIC

THIS was such a pleasant land that more and more people came every year to live in it.

Look at the boys and girls in your class.

This one's father or grandfather came from Germany. That one's came from France. Another is an Englishman, or Irishman, or Pole, or Italian.

One reason why people liked to live here was that they were free.

They could choose their own rulers. They did not have to obey a cruel king.

They could go to the church they liked best.

They did not have to pay heavy taxes. They could say what the money of the government should be spent for.

They also found that the land was rich and fertile.

In Virginia people got rich by raising tobacco.

And there was so much land that everybody could have a large piece.

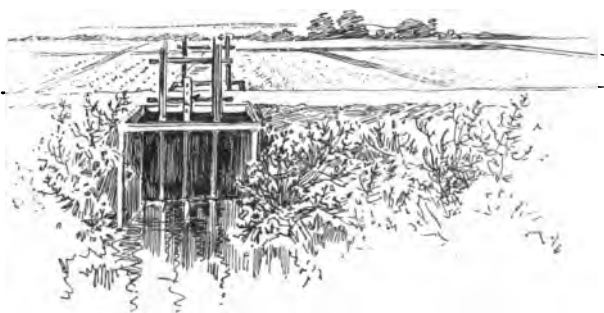


Broad pastures fed sheep and cows.  
Fields of wheat and corn grew in the North.  
In South Carolina rice was planted.

---

## RICE

DID you ever hear the story of the way in which rice was grown in South Carolina?



Well, once on a time there was no rice growing in South Carolina.

It came a stranger to this country, too, just as the people did.

A man named Thomas Smith who lived in Charleston had once lived in a country where rice grew.

He had noticed that it was always planted in wet ground.

There was a great deal of wet soil in South Carolina. Nothing would grow in it.

"I wish that I had some rice seed," said Smith. "I would try it on this wet ground. I think that it would grow."

A few days after this a ship was driven on shore by a storm.

The captain of the ship turned out to be an old friend of Smith.

The ship had just come from the country where rice grew.

Smith asked the captain if he had any seed rice.

Seed rice is the kind to sow in the ground.

The captain found one little bag of seed rice.

Smith planted this in the wet ground in his garden. It grew fast.

He gave some of the seed to the neighbors. Soon this part of the country was covered with rice-fields.

Ship loads were sold to other countries.

## COTTON

DID you ever see the cotton plant?

Is it not one of the prettiest things that you ever laid eyes on?

Try to think of acres and acres of land covered with these white fuzzy balls!

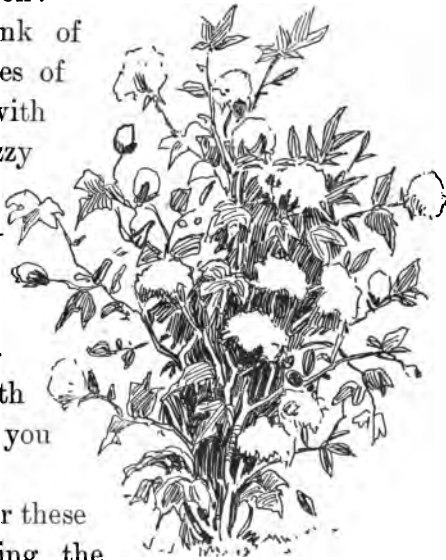
What a beautiful sight!

Like the fields in winter covered with snow, perhaps you are thinking.

Yes, but over these fields is shining the hot summer sun.

And black men, almost naked, are in the fields.

They are gathering into baskets the snowy balls.



## SLAVES



THEY are the negro slaves.

We have no slaves in our country now.

We are glad of this.

But years and years ago people did not think it was wrong to make slaves of the negroes.

In 1619 a ship came into the harbor of Jamestown. It had on board nineteen negro men.

These men were sold to the white planters of Virginia.

These were the first slaves in our country.

But other ships came with more slaves for sale.

When rice and corn were planted, more slaves were bought.

The black man could stand the work in the hot sunny fields better than the white man. He came from Africa, which is a very warm country.

If a slave had little children born, these boys and girls were slaves, too.

Their masters might sell them to other masters.

The poor children might have to go many miles away, and never see their parents again.

Some masters were cruel. They whipped their slaves and made them work very hard.

Other masters were kind. They treated their slaves gently, and cared for them in their old age.

There were no slaves in the North.

In the North it is too cold to raise rice and cotton.

## JOHN BROWN

JOHN BROWN'S body lies a mould'ring in the  
grave,

His soul is marching on!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down  
On the grave of old John Brown.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier, in the army of the  
Lord.

His soul is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on.



## THE GROWTH WESTWARD

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

SOME people want a great deal of "elbow room."

They were people of this sort who went west.  
The east was too crowded for them.

You have read some stories of one of these daring men. I mean Daniel Boone.

You have seen how hard it was to build homes in the wilderness.

Think of the hard times that Abraham Lincoln had!

But in spite of hunger and sickness, and the cruel Indians, new homes were made.

Villages grew into towns, and towns into cities.

Our country spread west until it reached the "King of waters." That is the Mississippi.

Then it grew and grew, until it spread out to the Rocky Mountains.

The years passed. Our country was still growing.

It grew just as a boy grows with the years. There comes a time when he does not grow any more in height. He is a man.

He may grow broader, perhaps, and wiser.

So our country grew as far west as it ever could grow when it reached California.

Then it could call its own the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

We have at last reached the Pacific Ocean!

And it is not so near Baltimore as John Smith once thought it was. Is it?



## BALBOA

PERHAPS you would like to know the name of the man who first found this great ocean.

His name was Balboa.

He was a Spaniard. He crossed the ocean about twenty years after Columbus.

He was very good to the Indians. They sent him as a present a box full of gold.

When the box was opened, the white men began to quarrel about the gold. Each man wanted the biggest share for himself.

The Indian chief said, "Shame, white men! There is a land not far away where there is plenty of gold for all."

He offered to show them the way to this land.

One bright morning they started out. They crossed some mountains. "Beyond these mountains," said the Indian, "is a great ocean. There also is the land of gold."

Balboa made his men wait for him on a ridge of the mountain.

He went to the top alone. He wanted to see this great ocean first.

There it lay, sparkling so peacefully. There was the great ocean never before seen by a white man. He fell on his knees and said a prayer.

He called his men. They went down to the shore.

Balboa stepped into the water. He said that he took this ocean and its shores for the King of Spain.

HE saw the mountain's far blue height  
Whence golden waters flow.  
Then with his men he scaled the crags,  
Three hundred years ago.

He gained the turret crag — alone —  
And wept! to see below  
An ocean boundless and unknown,  
Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height  
The banner of his lord,  
A mighty purpose grasped him still  
As still he grasped the sword.

Then down he rushed with all his men,  
As headlong rivers flow,  
And plunged knee-deep into the sea,  
Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head  
The conquering flag of Spain,  
He waved his gleaming sword and smote  
The waters of the Main :

For Rome ! for Leon ! and Castille !  
Thrice gave the cleaving blow.  
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,  
Three hundred years ago.

— T. BUCHANAN READ.

So Mexico and California belonged to Spain  
for two hundred years.

In 1845 the United States had a war with  
Mexico.

After the war, Mexico gave California to the  
United States.



## GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Most of the people who lived in California  
spoke Spanish.

They were a quiet people. They raised cattle.

After a while some of the people in the United  
States who wanted elbow room moved into  
California.

Then was found the "Land of Gold" of which the Indian had told Balboa.

This is the way it was found.

A man named Sutter moved into California.

He built a house for himself. It was called Sutter's fort.

He had a great deal of land. He raised cattle. He traded with the Indians.

After a while he thought that he would build a sawmill.

This had to be built on the banks of a running stream. This stream was forty miles from Sutter's fort.

He sent a carpenter and some workmen to build this sawmill.

The carpenter's name was Marshall.

He and his men worked for some months. To make the mill run well, he had to dig a ditch to carry off the water.

One morning he went out to see how the men were getting along with this work.

The water was very clear. He could see the pebbles in the bottom of the ditch.

He thought that he saw, too, a little yellow bead.

He stooped down and picked it up. It was about the size of a pea.

He found other yellow beads.

His heart began to beat quickly. Perhaps this was gold, and he had become a rich man.

He hammered it with a stone. It did not break. Now he felt almost sure that it was gold.

The men dug up some ounces of the yellow stuff.

Marshall rode back to Sutter's fort.

He rushed into Sutter's house all spattered with mud. His eyes were wild. He was very much excited.

He locked the door. Then he showed Sutter the yellow beads.

Sutter weighed the yellow stuff and found that it was gold.

After a while the news spread. People came from all over the country to dig for gold.

Thousands of men came. Millions of dollars' worth of gold was found.

California became a rich State.

# GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

BORN APRIL 27, 1822

DIED JULY 23, 1885



“ Let us have Peace.”

## BOYHOOD

HERE is the story of an Ohio boy who became great and famous.

He was born in a little frame house on the banks of the Ohio River.

Near by was his father's tanyard.

It was full of the reddish powder that is made from grinding to dust the barks of trees.

This powder is used to turn skins into soft leather.

The baby was christened Ulysses.

This seems a strange name for a tanner's son.

For Ulysses was a great soldier of Greece. He was so brave and wise that we still know him, although he lived thousands of years ago.

Now it was not at all likely that this little baby would have to fight any battles when he grew to be a man.

His father would be glad to have his help in the tanyard, I suppose.

But maybe the spirit of old dead and gone Ulysses was tickled at having this little tanner's boy named after him.

Perhaps he said to himself: —

"I shall make my little namesake a great soldier, too."

For, indeed, that is just what happened.

This boy became our greatest soldier.

To-day the poor little house in which he was born is kept as a precious treasure.

It has been moved to the city of Columbus, the capital of Ohio.

There it is kept in the park, in a sort of house-box of brick and glass.

People are fond of looking at the humble birthplace of such a great man.

---

The father of Ulysses moved to another house soon after the baby was born.

Here he had a farm as well as a tanyard.

The little boy never liked the tanyard. But he was happy on the farm.

He was very fond of horses. When he was six years old he could ride horseback better than any man in the place.

Once his father took him to a circus, and let him ride a fiery little pony around the ring.

He was the leader in all sports that boys love — fishing, hunting, swimming, and skating.



He was clever at jumping and wrestling in the tanyard.

But it was not all play for Ulysses.

He had to go to school. It seems that he did not like school very much.

Then he had to do "chores" on the farm.

He helped to take care of the live stock, — that is, the horses and cows and pigs and sheep.

He hauled wood. He could hold a plough and turn a furrow. He helped to bring in the hay and grain.

Perhaps you are beginning to think that old Ulysses has forgotten his namesake.

"He is going to become a farmer, after all," you are saying.

But old Ulysses knew what he was about. He had been something of a farmer himself, before he was a soldier.

He knew that this was the best training for a soldier.

A soldier must know how to ride a horse so well that it will not throw him. It may plunge and rear in battle, but the good soldier sits firm in the saddle.

And surely a soldier must know how to swim.

Often an army, in making a long march, comes to a river.

The soldier must cross it. He cannot wait for a fine yacht to carry him across. He cannot wait to take off his heavy knapsack or boots.

He just plunges in and swims across.

So the young Ulysses was getting some of his training as a soldier.

But he did not know it, any more than you would have known it.

#### AT WEST POINT

At last, when Ulysses was seventeen years old, his father thought that he would send him to West Point.

West Point is the school on the Hudson where our boys are taught to be soldiers.

I have no doubt that it was old Ulysses who put this thought in the tanner's head.

So, Ulysses Simpson Grant became a cadet at West Point.

"What's the new boy's name?" asked the other cadets.

"U. S. Grant."

"Ha! ha!" they laughed, "U. S., the United States; he has the same letters as Uncle Sam."

So they nicknamed him "Uncle Sam," and he was called "Sam" Grant.

Perhaps you would like to know what sort of a looking boy "Sam" Grant was.

He was short and plump. He had a freckled face, straight sandy hair, and blue eyes.

He was quiet and shy. He never bragged about what he could do.

He never told a lie.

"Did Sam Grant say so? Oh! then it's all right," the boys would say.

He could take a joke, and did not get angry easily. But he was ready to fight back. He was a little bit lazy, but he was not stupid.

There was one thing he could do better than any other boy in school. That was to ride a horse.

Once, on the back of his horse "York," he took a high jump over a bar that was six feet from the ground.

This is talked about at West Point yet. They call it "Grant's upon York."

At last his school days came to an end. He went home as Lieutenant Grant.

## HIS FIRST TASTE OF WAR

VERY soon, this young soldier had to go to war.

Our country had a quarrel with Mexico. So she called out her soldiers to fight the Mexicans.

Young Lieutenant Grant says that he did not feel very happy when he was going into his first battle.

The noise of the guns, and the roar and smoke of the cannons, made him homesick.

He felt that he would like to see his mother.

Now I can see some little youngster laughing at the idea of a big soldier wanting to see his mother.

But there are many great soldiers who have felt just the same way.

That does not keep them from being brave and doing their duty.

So this young soldier made a name for himself during the two years of this war.

There is a famous ride made by the young lieutenant.

A battle was going on. The soldiers needed more ammunition.

Who would ride to the town and order it? It was a dangerous ride. People would fire at him from housetops and windows.

Grant threw himself upon his horse and rode it as you have sometimes seen a circus rider do.

He swung himself against the horse's side, with one heel in the saddle, and one hand holding on to the horse's mane.

He made a short cut by jumping over a wall. He kept on until he got to the place where he gave his message.

Had he not been learning how to be a soldier, on his father's farm?

In this war he learned many more lessons that a soldier has to learn.

He learned to be patient; to be obedient; to endure cold and hunger, and long and tiresome marches.

He was learning to be a better soldier in a greater war.

The old Ulysses, perhaps, knew this.

But Grant did not know it. He was glad when the war was over. He did not like war, and could not bear the sight of blood.

## BETWEEN TIMES

WHEN the war with Mexico was over, it really seemed as if this soldier would have to become a farmer.

He was married now, and had little children.

His pay as a soldier was not enough to support them.

So he got a little farm. He had to build his own house. He carted the stones for the cellar. He hauled the logs for the walls. He split the shingles for the roof.

When his house was built, he began to raise potatoes and corn and wheat.

Sometimes he would cut a load of wood and carry it into the town, and sell it from door to door.

But times were hard and money was scarce.

He called his farm "Hardscrabble," because he found life there such a hard "scrabble."

After trying to get along in this way, he had to give it up.

"I can't make a go of it here," he said ; "I must leave."

So Captain Grant moved to Illinois and was made a clerk in his father's leather store.

This was a pretty business for a man named Ulysses, was it not !

We should like to know what old Ulysses was thinking of, to let his namesake do this work.

But all at once came the call to arms !

Another war ! A terrible war !

The war between the North and South !

The quiet man who walked every morning from his home to the leather store, and every evening back again, was changed to the soldier, Ulysses.

### GRANT IN THE CIVIL WAR

ONE of the first great things that General Grant and his army did in the war, was to take Fort Donelson on the Mississippi River.

The fight had lasted a long time. The general inside the fort asked Grant on what terms he would let him surrender ?

"Unconditional surrender," said Grant.

By that he meant that they should give up themselves, and all they had, or he would fight them over again, and make them give up.

The people in the North were glad at the fall of this fort.

“Who is this man, Grant?” they said.

Then when they saw the first letters of his name, U. S., they called him:—

“Unconditional Surrender Grant.”

He won so many battles, that, at last, the President made him commander of the whole army.

The President was Abraham Lincoln.

You read about ‘this great man a few weeks ago.

Now for the first time, these two great men met each other.

Lincoln was tall and ungainly, but he had an earnest face and beautiful eyes.

Grant was a foot shorter than the President. His shoulders were slightly stooping. He had a quiet face and a steady eye.

---

You must read, when you are older, about all the great battles of this war.

General Grant was trying to take Richmond. General Lee was trying to keep it for the South.



Richmond was the capital of the Southern States.

He went on inch by inch. If he was defeated one day, he tried again the next.

He did not change his mind. He did not alter his plan.

"He holds on like a bull-dog," some one said of him.

"I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," he said himself.

At last, the end came.

"Lee has surrendered!"

There was joy throughout the country. In many places bells rang, bonfires blazed, guns were fired.

Grant was the hero of the hour.

There were other great generals, too, who helped General Grant to bring the war to an end.

If we have not told about them, it is because this is a story of General Grant.

Grant himself says in one of his letters that he could not have done what he did without them.

There was Sherman who marched with his army through Georgia.

Do you not know  
the song:—

“Hurrah! Hurrah! We  
bring the jubilee.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the  
flag that makes us  
free!  
So we sang the chorus  
from Atlanta to  
the sea,  
While we were march-  
ing through Geor-  
gia.”



### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

BRING the good old bugle, boys!  
We'll sing another song—  
Sing it with a spirit  
That will start the world along;  
Sing it as we used to sing it,  
Fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted  
When they heard the joyful sound!  
How the turkeys gobbled  
Which the commissary found!  
How sweet potatoes even  
Started from the ground!  
While we were marching through Georgia.

— HENRY C. WORK.

FROM "ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHRISTMAS  
GIFT"

CLICK! click! across the electric wire  
Came suddenly flashing words of fire,  
And a great shout broke from city and town,  
At the news of Sherman's marching down,  
Marching down on his way to the sea,  
Through the Georgia swamps to victory.

Faster and faster the great news came,  
Flashing along like tongues of flame!  
McAllister ours! Ah! then, ah! then,  
To that patientest, tenderest, noblest of men,  
This message from Sherman came flying swift,  
"I send you Savannah for a Christmas gift!"

— NORA PERRY.

There was Sheridan who made a wonderful ride and kept Lee's army from getting away.

And we all know Meade, the hero of the battle of Gettysburg.

All these great men get their share of praise.

So the long war ended, and the tanner's son was the greatest soldier in the land.

I wonder if the spirit of old Ulysses smiled?



### GRANT AS PRESIDENT

“LET us have peace.”

Grant said these great words.

The people repeated them. They took them as their motto.

They made this soldier, who wanted peace, President.

They liked his way of doing things so well, that they made him President a second time.

He was President in 1876, which was our country's one hundredth birthday.

There was a great World's Fair in Philadelphia in honor of this birthday.

You remember that it was in Philadelphia that the Declaration of Independence was signed.

On the fourth of July, 1876, President Grant opened this great Fair.

When his term as President was over, Grant thought that he would take a vacation.

He had earned it, do you not think so?

#### HOW GRANT SPENT HIS VACATION

GENERAL GRANT wished to see the world.

It may be that old Ulysses had something to do with this, too.

For he was a great traveller, and met with many strange adventures.

You will some day read of these travels of the Greek Ulysses.

They are told in a beautiful poem called the "Odyssey"

But I shall tell you here just a little of the travels of our Ulysses.

Our Ulysses was a very modest man.

He would have been satisfied to go abroad

“on his own hook” like any plain, simple man. But the country would not have it so.

Our government sent letters to the rulers of other countries to say that General Grant was going to pay them a visit.

So they were all on the lookout for him.

Now it is almost like a fairy tale, to read about General Grant’s travels.

He took dinner with the Queen of England, in Windsor Castle.

He made a call on the Emperor of Germany.

He met the President of France, who was also a great soldier.

He visited the King of Italy.

He talked with the Emperor of Austria, and with the Czar of Russia.

But he enjoyed just as much his chances of talking with the people.

The workingmen of England cheered him heartily.

He liked this, for had he not been a working-man himself?

Then he went into India, to China, to Japan.

Everywhere he was treated like a king.

Think of it! This poor boy who had begun life in a frame cabin.

At last he steamed across the wide Pacific and entered the "Golden Gate," the harbor of San Francisco.

### HIS DEATH

So his vacation was over.

His story, too, is nearly done.

This great, modest, simple-minded man died in 1885.



He is buried in Riverside Park, in New York City.

A beautiful monument marks the spot where he rests.

"Thy silence speaks and tells of honor, truth,  
Of faithful service—generous victory—  
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps;  
Clasp hands again, through tears! Our leader sleeps!  
Good night."

---

"UNDER the sod and dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel the Blue,  
Under the willow the Gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray."

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## THE DEAD COMRADE

[GRANT]

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!  
Another has gone.  
Come, let us bury our comrade;  
His battles are done.  
His sun it is set;  
He was true; he was brave.  
He feared not the grave.  
There is naught to regret.



Bring music and banners  
And wreaths for his bier.  
No fault for the fighter  
That death conquered here.  
Bring him home ne'er to rove.  
Bear him home to his rest,  
And over his breast  
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of Battles,  
We leave him with thee!  
What was wrong, oh, forgive it;  
His spirit make free!  
Sound taps and away!  
Out lights and to bed!  
Farewell, soldier dead!  
Farewell — for a day!

— RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



## WHAT IS DECORATION DAY?

WHAT a joy it is to watch the coming of  
spring!

What a delight to see the faint green color  
creeping over the brown fields!

The buds on the trees begin to swell. One morning, you look out, and see the tender green leaves.

What a surprise !

In May the flowers have come.

One day in May, the teacher says : —

“Children, I hope that you will bring some flowers for Decoration Day.”

The next morning, before school begins, in walks a huge bouquet.

Yes, indeed ! It seems to be walking into school all by itself.

But pretty soon, the teacher sees a pair of little feet below, and a pair of bright eyes above.

She hears a little voice saying : “If you please, this is for Decoration Day.”

So all the children come with arms full of flowers.

Soon there is a sweet-smelling pile in the schoolroom.

How fragrant they are !

Out in the streets everybody is carrying flowers. Grown people and children have bunches of roses and lilies and pinks and pansies in their hands.

The houses are trimmed with flags. Bands of music are playing. Soldiers are marching.

Where are the soldiers going, and the people with the flowers?

They are going to the cemetery and to the soldiers' monuments.

Wherever a little flag flutters over a grave, there a brave soldier lies buried.

There the people will scatter flowers.

Some one will tell how noble and brave he was. "He gave his life for his country and his flag."

Then to the sound of music the people pass on.

Maybe a woman stays behind and sheds a few tears.

For it is a sad story as well as a glorious one.

It is a long time, though, since it happened, and the tears are nearly all dried now.

But the glory of it will last forever.

These are the soldiers who died in our civil war.

They are the victorious soldiers whom Grant led. We call them the Boys in Blue.

They are the soldiers whom Lee led in the South. We call them the Boys in Gray.

Our country does not wish us to forget these brave men.

So every year we give one day to thinking of them.

And we put flags and flowers on their graves.  
This is Decoration Day.

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## CAVALRY SONG

DRAW your girth tight, boys :  
This morning we ride  
With God and the right, boys,  
To sanction our side,  
Where the balls patter,  
Where the shot shatter,  
Where the shell scatter,  
Red death far and wide.

Look to your arms, boys,  
Your friends tried and true.  
How the blood warms, boys!  
The foe is in view !  
Forward ! Break cover !  
Ride through them ! Ride over them !  
Then we'll baptize the clover  
With blood as with dew !

—GEORGE H. BOKER.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR

THIS dear Union of ours was a large family of States.

At first they were baby States, as you know.

But they grew strong enough to take care of themselves.

Then together they fought for their liberty against the King of England.

After this they made a nation of themselves.

"We will form one family," they said, "and the head of the family shall be the President and Congress at Washington."

This united and happy family was called the "United States."

But in a large family of brothers and sisters quarrels sometimes break out.

For young people are often headstrong, and want their own way.

Then the good father and mother settle the quarrel, and make the brothers friends again.

So quarrels broke out in this family of States.

At first these were not very bitter quarrels.

The President and Congress settled the strife. The States were good friends again.

But when people quarrel very often, it leaves in the heart a sore place. This does not heal quickly.

So, little by little the States in the North and those in the South began to look on each other as enemies.

One of the things that they quarrelled about was the negro slaves.

The North said that the South ought not to have negro slaves.

When Abraham Lincoln was made President, the Southerners did not like it.

They knew that President Lincoln had said:—

“If ever I get a chance to strike a blow at slavery, I’ll hit it hard.”

So the States in the South said that they could no longer live with the North as one family.

They could not live at peace with their brothers in the North.

They would not obey the head of the family of States at Washington.

“We will make a new house for ourselves,” they said. “We shall have things as we wish them.”

So eleven of this family of States set up for themselves.

They called themselves the "Confederate States of America."

The North answered: "This is not right; we all promised to stand together as one family. You must keep your promise. The union shall not be broken."

Then they fell to blows.

The first gun was fired by the South.

"Our flag has been fired upon! Seventy-five thousand troops wanted at once!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This is the message that the President sent to the North.

Then, men said good-bye to their wives and little ones. They hurried off to battle and to death.

Men and women cried in the streets as "the boys in blue" marched to the war.

It was the same way in the South.

Men shouldered their muskets and marched out to give their lives for the side that they thought was right.

Women wept for husbands and sons and brothers who would never come back.

Many brave women went to nurse the wounded soldiers in the hospitals.

Others worked at home to get food and clothes for the men at the front.

For four years this angry quarrel lasted.

Hundreds of thousands of men were killed.

It was an awful time. But it was a brave time, too.

There were great deeds and great men.

The North was proud of Grant and Sherman.

The South loved Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

At last General Lee was beaten.

His soldiers laid down their arms, and the war was over. "The boys in blue" had conquered "the boys in gray."

The family of States was reunited.

The Union was saved.

"Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us,

Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun.

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!"

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



## BEFORE VICKSBURG

BACK from the front there came,  
Weeping and sorely lame,  
The merest child, the youngest face,  
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet.  
But when he paused and tottering stood,  
Around the circle of his little feet  
There spread a pool of bright young blood.  
Shocked at his doleful case,  
Sherman cried, "Halt! Front face!  
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"  
"A drummer, sir; Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only  
send

Some cartridges. Our men are out,  
And the foe press us." "But, my little  
friend —"

"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?  
. What if our men be driven?"

O for the love of Heaven

Send to my Colonel, General dear!"

"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear!"

“I’ll see to that,” cried Sherman, and a drop,  
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye  
As the boy, toiling toward the hill’s hard top,  
Turned round, and with his shrill child’s cry  
Shouted, “O don’t forget!  
We’ll win the battle yet!  
But let our soldiers have some more,  
More cartridges, sir, — calibre fifty-four!”

— Adapted from GEORGE H. BOKER.

---

## GENERAL LEE

THERE were plenty of heroes among the Boys  
in Gray.

They fought nobly for a cause which they felt  
was the right one.

Two of these brave heroes will never be forgotten.

These are General Robert E. Lee and General  
Thomas G. Jackson, who was called by his  
soldiers “Stonewall” Jackson.

General Lee was born in Virginia.

He learned how to be a soldier at West Point.

He was an officer in the army of the United  
States for a long time.

When Virginia went out of the Union, General Lee gave up his command and went out with his state.

He was made commander-in-chief of the army of the South.

He was a very handsome man, tall and broad-shouldered.



He was gentle in his manners.

Every one in the South thought him as nearly perfect as a man can be.

He owned the beautiful place on the Potomac called "Arlington."

Here he was born. And to this beautiful house he brought his wife.

She was a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington.

But the government took this place away from General Lee.

General Lee was a hard man to conquer.

Very bravely he held Richmond.

Many of the best generals of the North had tried to drive him out.

Thousands of Union soldiers had fallen in battle before him.

When, at last, General Grant defeated him, the brave "Army of Virginia" had to disband.

Lee was sad and silent as he looked at his noble soldiers.

"Men, we have fought the war together," he said sorrowfully, "and I have done the best I could for you."

They cheered him wildly. They remembered his courage, his patience, and his tenderness.

#### AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF LEE

"GENERAL LEE is the handsomest man of his age that I ever saw.

He is tall, broad-shouldered,—a thorough soldier in appearance.

His manners are most courteous and full of dignity.

He is a perfect gentleman in every respect.

He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing. And his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones.

His only faults arise from great amiability."

## AT GETTYSBURG

"THE conduct of General Lee was sublime.

He encouraged his broken troops, riding among them quite alone.

His face, always cheerful, showed no signs of disappointment or care.

He said, 'All this will come right in the end. But all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now.'

Very few failed to answer his appeal. And many badly wounded men took off their caps and cheered him.

When an officer began to beat his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he called out: 'Don't whip him, Captain! don't whip him! I have just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good.'"



## "STONEWALL" JACKSON

JACKSON was the southern soldiers' hero. They loved him dearly. Even the dying and the wounded after a battle tried to cheer him when he passed.

!

In camp, when the soldiers heard a shout at a distance, they said, —

“That’s either Stonewall Jackson or a rabbit!”

To see Jackson cheered the soldier’s heart. To see a rabbit gave the poor hungry soldier hope of a dinner.

How did he get the name of “Stonewall”?

They say it was in this way:—

In the Battle of Bull Run, the soldiers were being driven back.

“Look at Jackson!” some one called out.

“There he stands like a stone wall!”

“Rally behind the Virginians!”

The soldiers returned and won the battle.

Always, after that, he was called Stonewall Jackson.

General Jackson was a very religious man. He said a prayer before everything that he did.

If he won a battle, he thanked God for the victory.



If he was defeated, he thanked God for preserving him.

His negro servant used to say, —

“When I see him get up several times in de night and pray, den I knows dat dere will be something to pay in de morning. So I goes and packs his haversack.”

He was careful to keep the Sabbath.

He would not travel on that day. He would not even allow a letter that he had written to travel on that day.

If he could not post it before the last day of the week, he kept it over until Monday.

He was a very modest man! He did not boast of his great deeds.

In a letter to his wife he says: —

“Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to God alone.”

Whenever the soldiers caught sight of him, they rent the air with their cheers.

He always lifted his hat in answer.

Then he would put spurs to his horse and gallop out of sight.

He shared all the hardships of his men.

His clothes were shabby, his boots were broken.

Those who did not know him would not think he was the commander.

Once he and some of his officers had to ride through a field of oats.

The farmer rushed out in a great rage.

He said he would report them to the commander, for trampling down his oat-field.

"What is your name, sir?" he said to the general.

"Jackson," answered our hero.

"What Jackson?" asked the farmer.

"General Jackson," was the reply.

"What! *Stonewall* Jackson?"

"That is what they call me."

The farmer took off his hat with the greatest respect.

"General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do whatever you like with it, sir."

There was a great battle at Chancellorsville.

In the noise and confusion and dense smoke, the soldiers could not see who was in front of them.

They fired.



Their own general, their beloved Stonewall Jackson, received from *this fire* his mortal wound.

He was found lying on the ground.

“General, are you much hurt?”

“Yes, I think I am; and all my wounds were from my own men.”

They carried him off the field.

The surgeon had to cut off his left arm.

When General Lee heard of this, he was very sorry.

He sent Stonewall Jackson this message:—

“Dear General, you are better off than I am. You have lost your left arm; but I, in losing you, have lost my right arm.”

For some days afterwards, he lived.

Then he grew weaker. He ceased to notice anything. He murmured broken words.

All at once he spoke out very cheerfully and distinctly:—

“Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.”

These were his last words.

The honest, brave soldier had crossed to the other shore.

## A SOUTHERN SOLDIER SONG

## DIXIE

SOUTHERNS, hear your country call you.

Up! Lest worst than death befall you.

To arms! To arms! To arms! In Dixie.

Lo! All the beacon fires are lighted;

Let all hearts be now united.

To arms! To arms! Advance the flag of  
Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah! For Dixie's land we take  
our stand,

And live or die for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter.

Northern flags in South wind flutter.

To arms! To arms! To arms! In Dixie.

Fear no danger. Shun no labor.

Lift up rifle, pike, and saber.

To arms! To arms! Advance the flag of  
Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah! For Dixie's land we take  
our stand,

And live or die for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

How the South's great heart rejoices

At your cannons' ringing voices.

To arms! To arms! To arms! In Dixie.

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,

Let the odds make each heart bolder.

To arms! To arms! Advance the flag of  
Dixie!

Hurrah! hurrah! For Dixie's land we take  
our stand,

And live or die for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

To arms! To arms!

And conquer peace for Dixie.

## THE WAR WITH SPAIN

"WHERE is the land of gold and spices?" asked Columbus of the Indians.

"Westward over the great waters," they pointed. -

"What do you call it?" he asked.

"Cuba," they said.

At last he came to the shores of this island, on October 28th, 1492.

"Everything is green as April in Andalusia," he wrote in his diary.

"The singing of the birds is such that one would never wish to leave.

"The fragrance from the blossoming groves is the sweetest in the world."

This beautiful land has ever since belonged to Spain.

And there in the Cathedral of Havana lie the bones of Columbus.

But now Spain has lost this treasure island.

She did not let go willingly.

A great war was fought, and many lives were lost.

Our country helped Cuba. Now, Cuba is free.

---

Have you ever seen a little boy bullied by a big one?

The little one is down.

The big one presses his knee on his chest.

The little one struggles to get away, but it is of no use.

Then another boy comes round the corner.

"Let that little fellow go," he says.

"No, I will not. This is not your fight," says the bully.

"It is going to be my fight if you do not treat that little one better."

So he falls to, and soon sets the little one free.

Cuba had been governed very badly by Spain.

The people were poor, and had to pay heavy taxes.

They wished to get free from Spain and govern themselves.

Many times they had tried and failed.

Each time Spain's hand would be heavier than ever.

A year or two ago they tried once more to get free.

But Spain's soldiers shot down the rebels. They laid waste the fields, and the people were starving.

Our people felt very sorry to know of all this misery.

Good men sent food to the starving men and women and children of Cuba.

---

But our government did not wish to meddle, for, after all, good people should obey the laws. If the laws are bad, a good government should change them.

President McKinley and Congress thought that at least they would see fair play done in this fight between Cuba and Spain.



There were some of our citizens, too, living in Cuba. They might get some blows if Uncle Sam was not on the lookout for them.

So we sent one of our big war-ships, the *Maine*, to Havana Harbor.

One night, after the men had gone to their berths, an awful thing happened.

There was a loud explosion ! A terrible rush of water !

The great iron plates of the ship were torn apart like paper.

When the waters had calmed down, there were left only the ruins of the noble ship.

It had been blown up by a torpedo underneath the water.

One hundred and thirteen of our sailors were killed.

Our President thought that at last it was time to put an end to the bad state of affairs in Cuba.

He called upon Spain to give Cuba her freedom, and so bring back peace.

If Spain refused, he would make war on her.

Spain said that this was her fight, and that the United States ought not to meddle.

So the President declared the United States at war with Spain.

### THE FIRST BATTLE

IN the Pacific Ocean, near Japan, lie other islands belonging to Spain.

These are the Philippines.

On these islands hemp is grown.

On one of the islands is the large city of Manila.

All the best ropes of the world are made of manila hemp.

Many of the houses in Manila are built of bamboo, and thatched with palm leaves.

The city lies on a beautiful bay.

Here was fought the first battle of our war with Spain.

Early on Sunday morning, the first day of May, our war-ships sailed into the bay.

Their big guns opened fire.

The Spanish guns answered back.

In a few hours our brave men had beaten the Spaniards.

We had not lost a single man.

Admiral Dewey, who commanded our fleet, became a great hero, like Perry and Farragut.

Do you remember the deeds of these great men?

He was very proud of his men, too.





“Their hearts are as stout as their ships,” he said.



Our government soon sent a large army of soldiers to occupy Manila, and to keep order there.

This army was commanded by General Merritt.

Another large fleet was sent to blockade Cuba.

Do you know what this means?

This fleet was commanded by Admiral Sampson.

Our soldiers, too, were getting together at Tampa, in Florida, ready to be carried to Cuba.



### THE BATTLES NEAR SANTIAGO

THOUSANDS of men were enlisting every day.

They were ready to suffer hardships, and perhaps death, at the call of their country.

In the meantime, Spain was sending against us a great fleet under Admiral Cervera.

When Admiral Sampson heard this, he started in search of the Spanish ships.

He left Admiral Schley to keep up the blockade of the Cuban coast.

But Cervera managed to keep out of sight of the Americans.



Every one was asking, "Where is Cervera?" "He is hidden in the harbor of Santiago," said some one.

And sure enough, that is where he was.

"Now let us keep him there," said the Americans. "Let us bottle him up."

The harbor of Santiago is a broad bay with a narrow entrance.

It is like a narrow-necked bottle.

The ships of Admiral Schley's squadron were placed at the neck of the bottle to prevent the Spanish ships from getting out.

"It would be safer still if we put a cork in the bottle."

So the vessel *Merrimac*, with Lieutenant Hobson and seven other men on board, sailed into the middle of the narrow channel.



The Spanish guns on shore shot at them from right and left.

But these brave men did their duty in face of the fire.

They exploded a torpedo under the *Merrimac*. The vessel sank. They thought they had corked up the entrance to the harbor.

Admiral Cervera was too brave a man to give up without trying to escape.

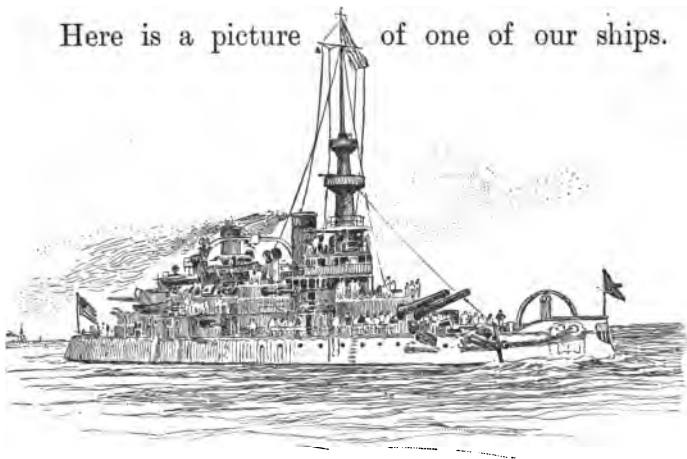
He knew that a close watch was kept at night.

So he boldly sailed out in the daylight.

But the brave men in our ships were ready for him.

They captured him, and destroyed his fleet.

Here is a picture of one of our ships.



Though she is a fast battle-ship, no one believed that she could catch a fast cruiser.

But for her the fastest of Spain's vessels would have escaped.

This was the beautiful *Colon*.

No wonder that the Spaniards called the *Oregon* "The bulldog."

---

Then our soldiers were landed in Cuba.

Their commander was General Shafter.



They began their march towards the city of Santiago.

The Spaniards were lying in wait for them.



The first men they tried to catch were Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders.

But the Rough Riders fought bravely, so the Spaniards did not succeed.

On the first of July a part of the army marched to El Caney.

They hoped to take this village in six minutes.

But it was not captured until the end of a day's hard fighting.

In the meantime, the rest of the army was being fired upon.

The Spanish were behind the hills, and were well armed.

Suddenly our soldiers became impatient.

They decided not to wait any longer for the men at El Caney.

They charged up the hill at San Juan.

"It is very gallant, but very foolish," said some who saw them.

"It is impossible to take the hill," said others.

"It is slaughter."

It was slaughter, too, for many men were killed.

But the hill was captured.

Our men were dusty.

Their hair was matted to their foreheads.

Their shirts were glued to their backs.

They were hungry and weary.

But when at last they sat on the crest of the captured hill, they felt satisfied.

Soon after this victory Santiago surrendered.

## THE SURRENDER OF PORTO RICO

MANY of the American officers had never commanded in battle.

But General Merritt, of whom you have read, and General Miles were experienced men.

This is a picture of General Miles.



Our soldiers were very glad to see him at Tampa.

For they knew that at last they would set sail.

They were tired of being idle, and they wanted to get to work.

So with gay hearts they left Florida for Porto Rico.

The people of Porto Rico were glad to see them, too.

The city of Ponce was surrendered at once.

General Miles wrote: —

“The people received the troops and saluted the flag with wild enthusiasm.

“This is a prosperous and beautiful country.

“The results have thus far been accomplished without the loss of a single life.”

A few men were wounded later.

But after all it was, as General Miles said, —

“The most amiable capitulation that ever took place.”

---

Spain now saw that the United States was strong.

They could not ill-treat the Cubans any longer.

So they agreed to make Cuba free.

They had been beaten because our cause was just.

And because our soldiers and sailors were brave.

---

The next event in this war was the best of all. It was

PEACE.

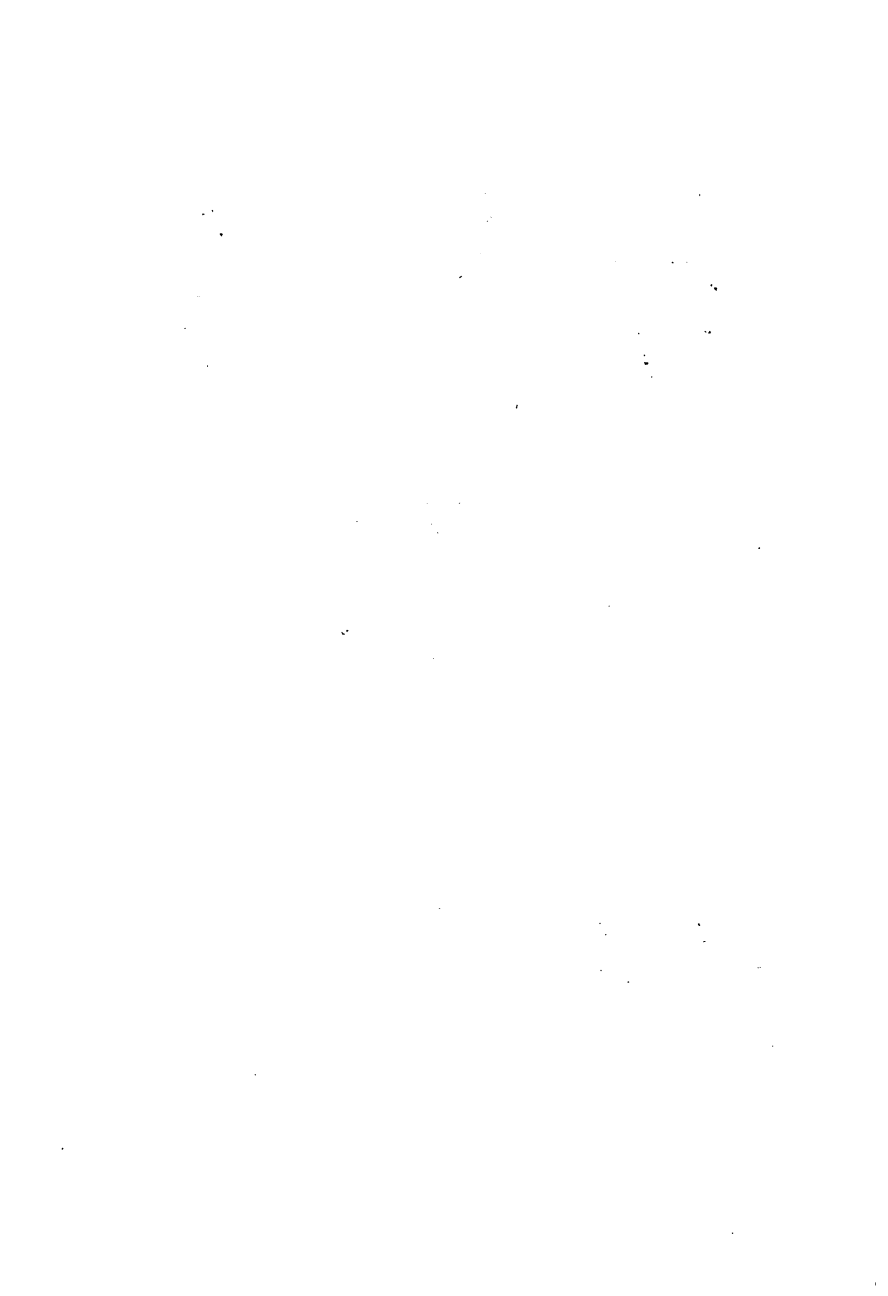




# JUNE

## FLAG DAY, JUNE 14, 1777





## JUNE



“’Tis the star-spangled banner!  
Oh, long may it wave!  
O’er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave!”

EVERYBODY in the United States knows this beautiful song.

But not everybody knows the story of the brave man who wrote it.

How many stars were there in the star-spangled banner? There were fifteen.

And how many in the flag now?

There were fifteen stars because when the song was written there were only fifteen children in our State family.

It was written during our second war with England.

In this war the British took our city of Washington.

One of our soldiers in this war was Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer. He wanted to visit a friend who was a British prisoner.

He therefore went to the ship, carrying a plain white flag.

Such a white flag is called a flag of truce.

It means: "I am not coming here to fight you. I only want to say something to you."

When Key reached the ships, they were just ready to sail to Baltimore.

They wanted to capture Baltimore just as they had captured Washington.

But they were afraid that he would tell the Americans of their plan.

So they kept him on board one of the ships, and carried him to Baltimore.

So Key watched the battle from the British ship.

He was very much afraid that the little American fort would give up.

Every night the British fired bombs and rockets.

By this light Key saw that the American flag was still waving over the fort.

As he wrote in the poem : —

“ And the rockets’ red glare,  
The bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night  
That our flag was still there.”

At last the British ships grew tired of firing.

Now it was all dark again.

Key could not tell whether our flag was still flying.

He kept thinking, as he says in his song, —

“ Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner still wave  
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave ? ”

At last the daylight came.

Key looked eagerly towards the fort

A flag was flying from the top.

As it grew lighter, Key saw that it was our own Stars and Stripes.

He took from his pocket an old letter.

On its back he wrote the famous song.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see  
By the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed  
At the twilight's last gleaming?  
Those stripes and bright stars,  
Through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched  
Were so gallantly streaming.  
And the rockets' red glare,  
The bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night  
That our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave?

On the shore dimly seen,  
Through the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host  
In dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze  
O'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows,  
Half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam  
Of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected  
Now shines in the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh, long may it  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

Oh, thus be it ever  
When freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home  
And war's desolation ;  
Blest with victory and peace,  
May the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made  
And preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must,  
For our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto —  
“ In God is our trust.”

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave

While the land of the free is the home of the  
brave.

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



## SOME OF THE EARLY FLAGS

How many of you remember Captain John Smith?

He had a flag, too.

TURKS HEAD FLAG



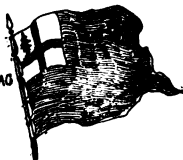
Do you think that it was the star-spangled banner that he carried?

No, indeed; but still he was very proud of it.

Look at it and see if you can tell me why.

Perhaps you think that the Americans who threw the tea overboard carried the stars and stripes?

PINE TREE FLAG



No; not even they had our beautiful flag. This was their banner.

And here are some other pretty flags that the Americans liked to carry.

CRESCENT FLAG



But because in the Revolution we became one family, it was decided to have one flag.

RATTLESNAKE FLAG



And who do you think was the principal member of the committee to design a flag?

Dr. Benjamin Franklin!

Here is the flag that he proposed.

It was very pretty, but the design that was finally chosen means more.



Some people think that the idea came from Washington's coat of arms.

They also say that red stripes are for the blood of the patriots, and the group of stars in the left-hand corner shows, perhaps, the new family of States rising in the west.

The flag is beautiful to us because it is ours and we love it.

But other people think it beautiful, too.

Shortly after the Revolution one of our ships carried it to the China seas.

The Chinese thought the "flower flag," as they called it, very lovely.

Thousands of them came down to the harbor to see the "flower flag ship."



## BETSY ROSS

ON June 14, 1777, Congress passed the following resolution: —

“That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white.

“That the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

In Philadelphia at this time lived a widow, Mrs. Betsy Ross.

Betsy Ross had always been a very neat sewer.

Both she and her husband had earned their living in the upholstery business.

But now on account of the war, there was very little work of this kind to be done.

But Betsy's neat sewing was well known.

So it was to her that George Washington and two other gentlemen went.

George Washington drew the flag for her, and asked her to make one from cloth.

“I am not sure that I can, but I will try,” said Betsy.

“Here is something that you have taken from the British,” she said, pointing to the six-pointed star.

The six-pointed star may be seen to-day on English money.

The gentlemen thought that a five-pointed star would be more difficult to cut.

Mrs. Ross took a bit of paper, folded it, and made one cut with her scissors.

Then she opened out the paper.

And there was a perfect, beautiful, five-pointed star.

"It is easier to cut, you see," said Mrs. Ross.

"But even if it were ten times more difficult, I would do it rather than have a British star in our American flag," said she.

The next day her uncle furnished her with the material, and in three days she had finished the first flag.

This was so well done that the business of making the flags was given to her, and later to her daughter.



## FLAG SONG

OUT on the breeze,  
O'er land and seas,  
A beautiful banner is streaming.  
Shining its stars,  
Splendid its bars,  
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.  
Hail to the flag,  
The dear bonny flag —  
The flag that is red, white, and blue.  
Over the brave  
Long may it wave,  
Peace to the world ever bringing.  
While to the stars  
Linked with the bars,  
Hearts will forever be singing.  
Hail to the flag,  
The dear bonny flag —  
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

— LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD.

## OUR FLAG

OUR flag means all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War.

It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant.

It means justice.

It means liberty.

It means happiness.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Every color means liberty.

Every thread means liberty.

Every star and stripe means liberty.

It does not mean lawlessness, but liberty through law, and laws for liberty.



Forget not what it means.

And for the sake of its ideas, be true to your country's flag.

—*Adapted from an address by* HENRY WARD BEECHER.

---

## WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE FLAG?

WE know now something of what the flag means, and of what it has done for us.

Now let us see what we can do for our flag.

“Be like George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, and Grant,” said one little boy.

Or, like Benjamin Franklin, we can try to be

Temperate,

Clean,

Orderly,

Resolute,

Frugal,

Industrious,

Sincere, and

Just.



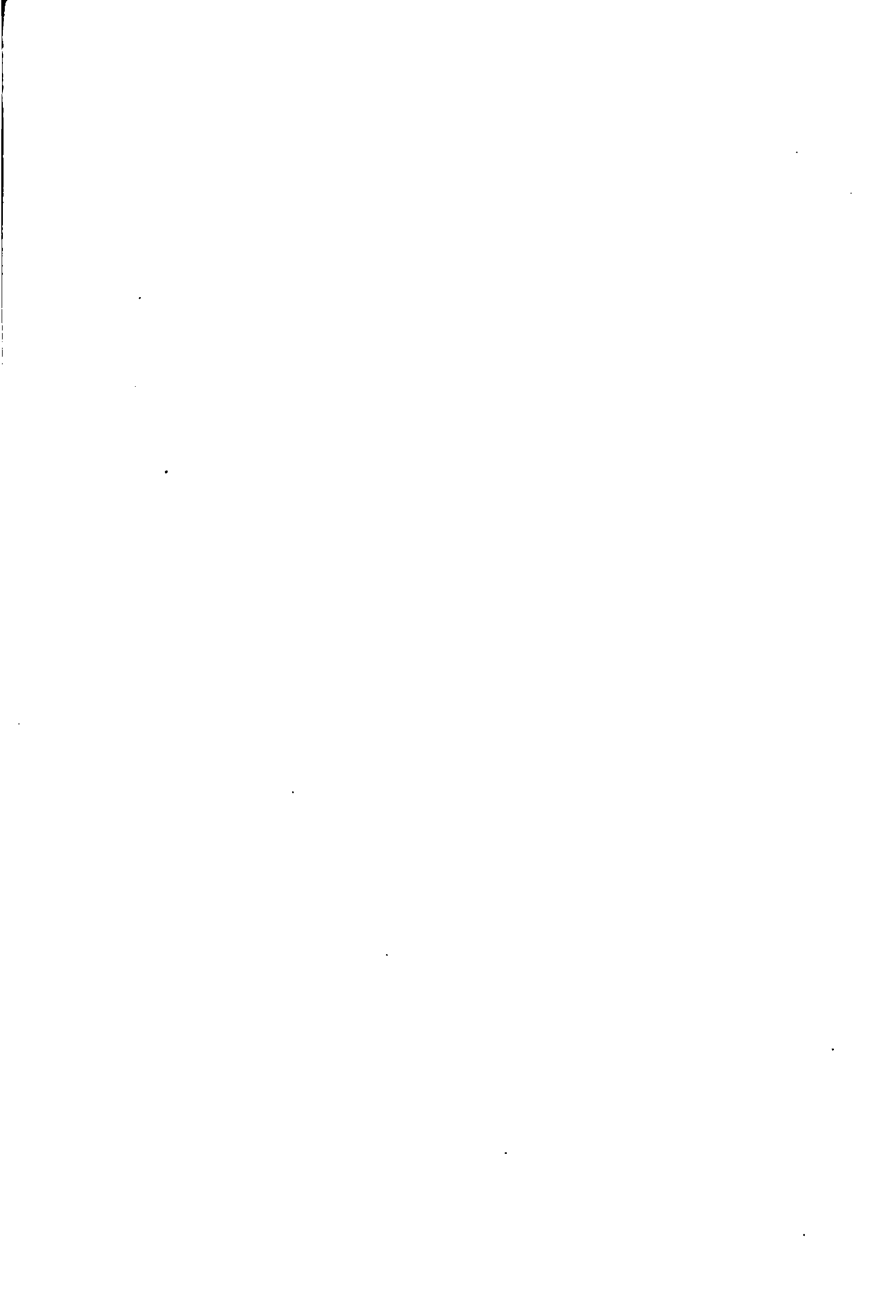
## FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP"

THOU too, sail on, O ship of State,  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.







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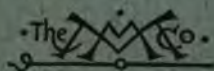
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